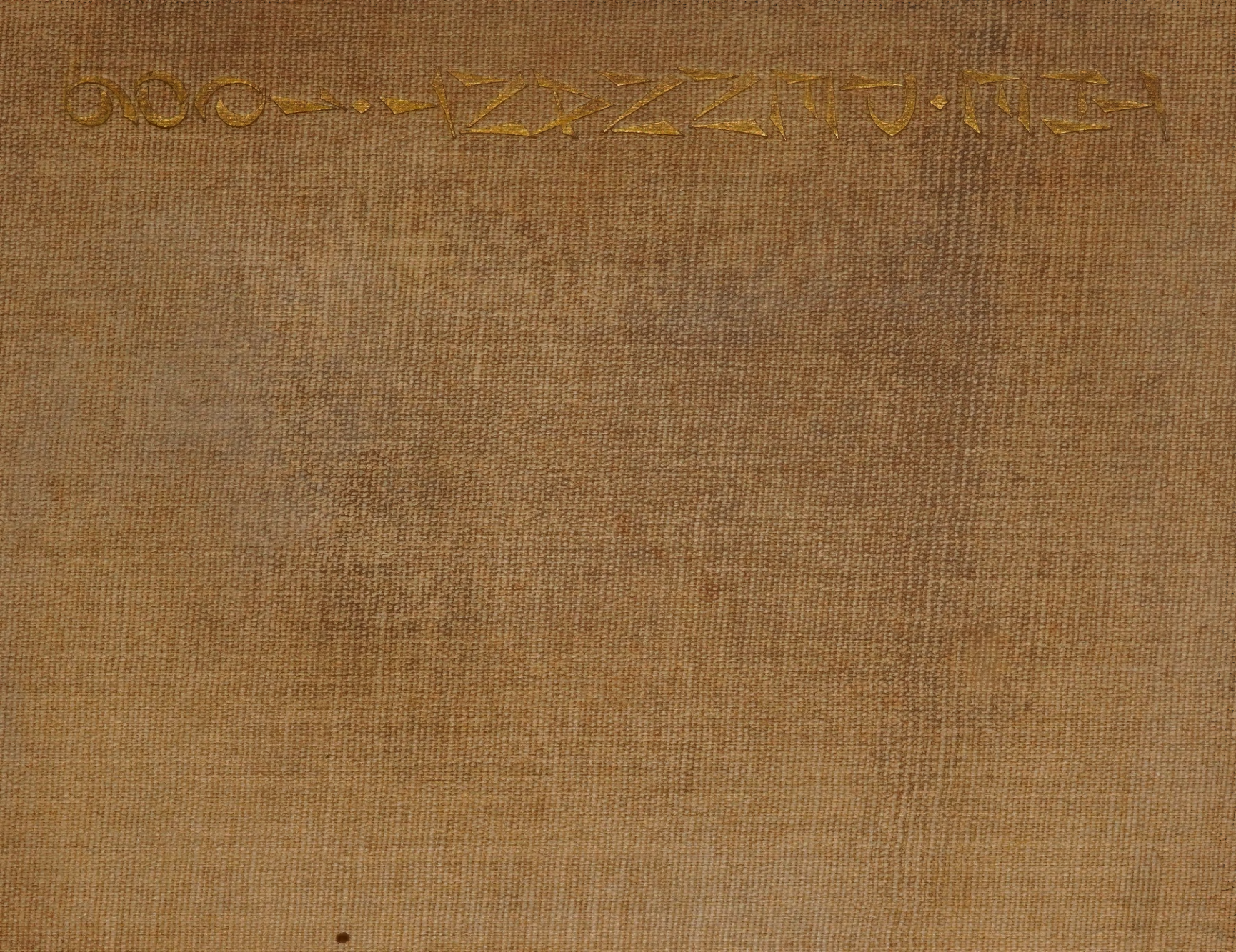


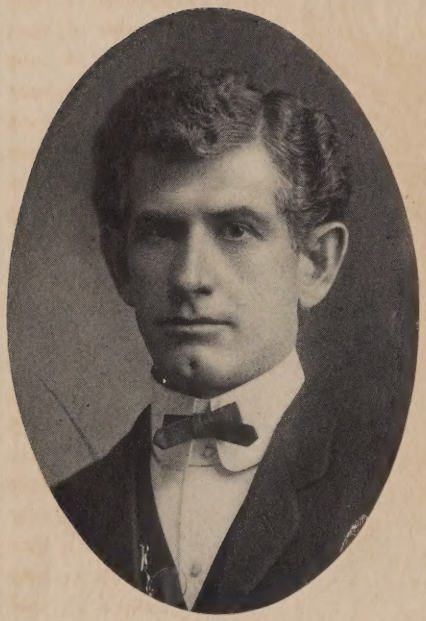
VIRGINIA
INSTITUTE

# The V. J. Pennant

*Published by the*
STUDENTS *of* VIRGINIA INSTITUTE
*Bristol, Virginia*

# Dedicated

To President and Mrs. J. T. Henderson



*To Our President:*

Strong as a lion,
Gentle as a dove,
Whom all the teachers honor
And all the students love.

*Mrs. Henderson:*

Here and there, everywhere,
Every girl a special care.

# College Calendar

| | |
|---|---|
| Arrival of Special Car from Southern States | September 12, 1905 |
| Opening of School | September 13, 1905 |
| Matriculation of Students | September 14, 1905 |
| Harrisonian and Eoline Receptions to New Students | September 16, 1905 |
| Trolley Ride | September 18, 1905 |
| Reading By Mr. W. Reid | September 25, 1905 |
| Trip to Natural Tunnel | October 10, 1905 |
| Recital By Miss Saba Doak | October 24, 1905 |
| Hallowe'en Celebration | October 30, 1905 |
| Grand Concert | November 24, 1905 |
| Reception By Herr August Schemmel | November 25, 1905 |
| Thanksgiving Dinner | November 30, 1905 |
| Christmas Concert and Reception | December 15, 1905 |
| Examinations | December 18, 19, 20, 1905 |
| Trip to Washington | December 23, 1905, To January 1, 1906 |
| Re-Opening of School | January 3, 1906 |
| Recital by Miss Elizabeth Leckie | February 3, 1906 |
| Valentine Party in Art Hall | February 14, 1906 |
| Washington Banquet | February 22, 1906 |
| Readings by W. Powell Hale | March 9, and 10, 1906 |
| Junior and Senior Reception | April 2, 1906 |
| Harrisonian Reception | April 23, 1906 |
| Eoline Public Meeting | April 30, 1906 |
| Joint Meeting of Eoline and Harrisonian Societies | 8:30 P. M. May 26, 2906 |
| Baccalaureate Sermon | 11:00 A. M. May 27, 1906 |
| Sermon to Y. W. C. A | 8:30 P. M. May 27, 1906 |
| Literary Address | 11:00 A. M. May 28, 1906 |
| Art Exhibit | 2:00 4:00 P. M. May 28, 1906 |
| Class Day Exercises | 4:00 P. M. May 28, 1906 |
| Elocution Evening | 8:30 P: M. May 28, 1906 |
| Commencement | 11:00 A. M. May 29, 1906 |
| Alumnæ Banquet | 3:30 P. M. May 29, 1906 |
| Beethoven Evening | 8:00 P. M. May 30, 1906 |

## YOU MAID IN CAP AND GOWN

As I came into Bristol Town,
A maid I spied in cap and gown,
The sweetest sight one's eyes may greet
In college hall or village street.

What wonder that my heart's aglow,
As now in dreams I see her go
With air so modest, looks so sweet,
A-down that well remembered street?

Of all fair maids the world doth know,
The maid in cap and gown, I trow,
Is fairer far than all the rest—
Of all the maids I love her best.

She walks with sweet, scholastic air,
Her robe blows lightly here and there,
Her cap close nestles 'gainst her hair,
Can earth show anything more fair?

Seeing her dainty witching grace,
I envy the tassel against her face;
And as she walks a-down the street,
I envy the stones beneath her feet.

Ah, sweetest maid the world doth know,
If I adore and tell thee so,
Wilt thou my happiness complete,
Or crush my hopes in dire defeat?

Ah, sweetest maid the world can show,
I pray thee do not answer "No;"
You maid with whom none can compare
In sweetness and in beauty rare—
You maid in cap and gown!

R. M.

## Editoral Staff

ANNA MAHONEY
*Editor-in-chief*

HATTIE STOKELY DELLA YOUNG
*Associate Editors*

MYRTLE ROBINSON MARY MATTHEWS
*Business Managers*

IVEY SMITH ..... *Art Editor*
LOIS BLACKWELL ..... *Music Editor*
MABEL ROSS ..... *Elocution Editor*
SUELLA BURNETT ..... *Athletic Editor*

VIRGINIA INSTITUTE

# Cyclopedia Facultania

BYRNE, GONZELLA—

was born in the city of Alabama. The first word she ever spoke was "Aykay." From infancy she has been a songstress, having sung perfectly Bach's most difficult sonata, "Angel's Serenade," at the age of three. She has sung before every audience in Europe and America. By much experience she has become proficient in the art of teaching and candy making.

DICKENSON, LUCY—

spent her childhood in the great city of Marion, Va. Here she had every advantage which a lunatic asylum, court house and public school could afford. She was always fond of the classics, and often burned the midnight oil reading "A Mad Lover," or "Won by Love." Having completed her studies at home she went abroad to Vassar College, and is now one of the noted faculty of V. I.

FINDLAY, ALEXANDER—

was born at the junction of the Nile and Amazon Rivers. The mountain scenery of his childhood fostered in a marked degree his innate talent for the fiddle. After many years in Berlin under the great masters, this Apollo comes at last to abide under V. I.'s sheltering oak.

HENDERSON, JOHN THOMPSON—

was born in the dark ages. The exact year of his birth is unknown. He may be younger than he looks or older than he seems. He has amassed a large fortune by selling his raven curls to the "Hair Mattress Company." He is a great patriot and fought bravely for the stars and stripes in the "War of the Roses." He is very fond of flowers, especially the "Calla" lily.

JONES, HORACE LEONARD—

was born in 17—. He is a poet, teacher, ladies man, and, as a soloist there is not his equal in America. But perhaps, he is best known to the world as a rat killer. Often in the "Stilly Night" he has been known to relieve his tortured neighbors of these troublesome animals. He is very fond of travel and has visited every nook and corner of Mississippi.

JOHNSON, MARION—

was born in North Carolina. But her youth was spent in Johnson City, Tennessee. She is a very decided old maid, not caring for society in the least. She may some day, however, overcome this strong aversion to society's charms. At present she is giving music lessons to Dr. Schemmel in Virginia Institute.

KNOX, JAMIE—

was born in Arkansas. She and her brother, the "Arkansas Traveler," made their debut as public readers in New York when she was ten years of age. Here she charmed the literary world, and her fame was secure. She is of a romantic nature and is a noted teacher of Physical Culture. She has discovered that gratitude is a much neglected virtue.

# Class of 1906

---

**MOTTO**

Nequid Nimis

**COLORS**

Yellow and White

**FLOWER**

Narcissus

**TREE**

Maple

Clara Norvell, A. B ..... *President*

Marion Johnson, A. B ..... *Vice-President*

Hattie Stokely, A. B ..... *Secretary*

Anna Mahoney, A. B ..... *Treasurer*

Minnie French ..... *English Graduate*

Della Young ..... *Elocution Graduate*

CLARA NORVELL
"She riseth while it is yet night."

MARION JOHNSON
"Her price is far above rubies."

HATTIE STOKELY
"She openeth her mouth with wisdom."

ANNA MAHONEY
"Strength and honor are her clothing
And she shall rejoice in time to come."

MINNIE FRENCH
"In her mouth is the law of kindness."

DELLA YOUNG
"She eateth not the bread of idleness."

## Senior Class Song

We of 1906, the Class,
Alma Mater,
From the sheltering arms must pass
Alma Mater,
But in passing we do pray
You may think of us some day,
Of the work we did while here—
Work by fun and prank made dear.

So we plant this maple tree,
Alma Mater,
As a token true to thee,
Alma Mater,
Of the love and fealty
Which, what e'er our fate may be,
We will ever bear to thee,
Alma Mater.

Forth into the world we go,
Alma Mater,
There to work for weal or woe,
Alma Mater,
But our days with thee, we trow,
O'er our future years will throw
Rays of ever brightening glow,
Alma Mater.

# Junior Class

KATIE SUE MORRIS ..... *President*
SUELLA BURNETT ..... *Vice-President*
MARY LEE ANDERSON ..... *Secretary*
CLARA GAINES ..... *Historian*
DELLA YOUNG ..... *Poet*

| COLOR | MOTTO | FLOWER |
|---|---|---|
| Violet | Age quod agis | Violet |

**YELL**

Juniors, Juniors, five and eleven;
V. I., V. I.; nineteen seven.

**CLASS ROLL**

SUELLA BURNETT
RUTHVEN CHAMPION
KATE WILLIAMS
OLIVE GRIFFIN
REBECCA MCQUEEN
MATTIE LOU MCKINNEY
ROBBIE MAE CASEY
MYRTLE ROBINSON
CLARA GAINES
DELLA YOUNG
BESSIE STONER
MARY LEE ANDERSON
GERTRUDE TUCKER
LENA MAI HARDY
KATIE SUE MORRIS
THEODORE SWAN

## JUNIOR CLASS SONG

We are Juniors careless and free,
But next year we'll Seniors be;
Then dismissing levity
We'll talk with wit and brevity,
And walk with stately gravity.

When first we came to old V. I.
Our hearts with hope were beating high;
We thought the goal of these hopes nigh,
But weeks and months have hurried by
Yet lack of wisdom we can't deny;
So we with desperation cry,
"Next year, next year, we'll do or die."

So farewell midnight's revel dear
And farewell all forbidden cheer,
And welcome to the coming year;
Although we fear with many a tear
It's spotless pages we will blear;
Farewell ye passing pleasures dear;
All hail, ye honors drawing near.

JUNIOR CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS

**YELL**

Rah! Ree! Rah
Rah! Ree! Rate!
We are the girls
Of nineteen and eight.

**MOTTO**

"Press Forward"

**FLOWER**

Daisy

**OFFICERS**

QUEEN HONEYCUTT ..... *President*

MARY MATTHEWS ..... *Vice-President*

MARY GLENN BAYLOR ..... *Secretary*

ALMA CRABTREE ..... *Corresponding Secretary*

LILLIAN BACON ..... *Artist*

**MEMBERS**

MYRTLE HAMILTON — RUTH BROWN

HARRIETTE REYNOLDS — BROWNING BOBBITT

ARLINE STOCKTON — CARRIE MORTON

PEARL KARNES — PAULINE KARNES

HATTIE BROWN — FLOY MCCORKLE

BELLE BUNDY — EDYTH ATWOOD

VIRGILIA ATWOOD — BETTY BURKE

EULA MAE BURKE — LIDIE COURTS

ELOISE HULSE — IRENE GREENWALD

# Freshman Class

Ethel May

Beulah May

Willie McCorkle

Olive Bobbitt

Elizabeth Winston

Louise Wright

Anna Leckie

Maggie Stinson

Rosa Stinson

Margaret La Rue

Lutie Hughes

Daphne Blackwell

Sallie Lott

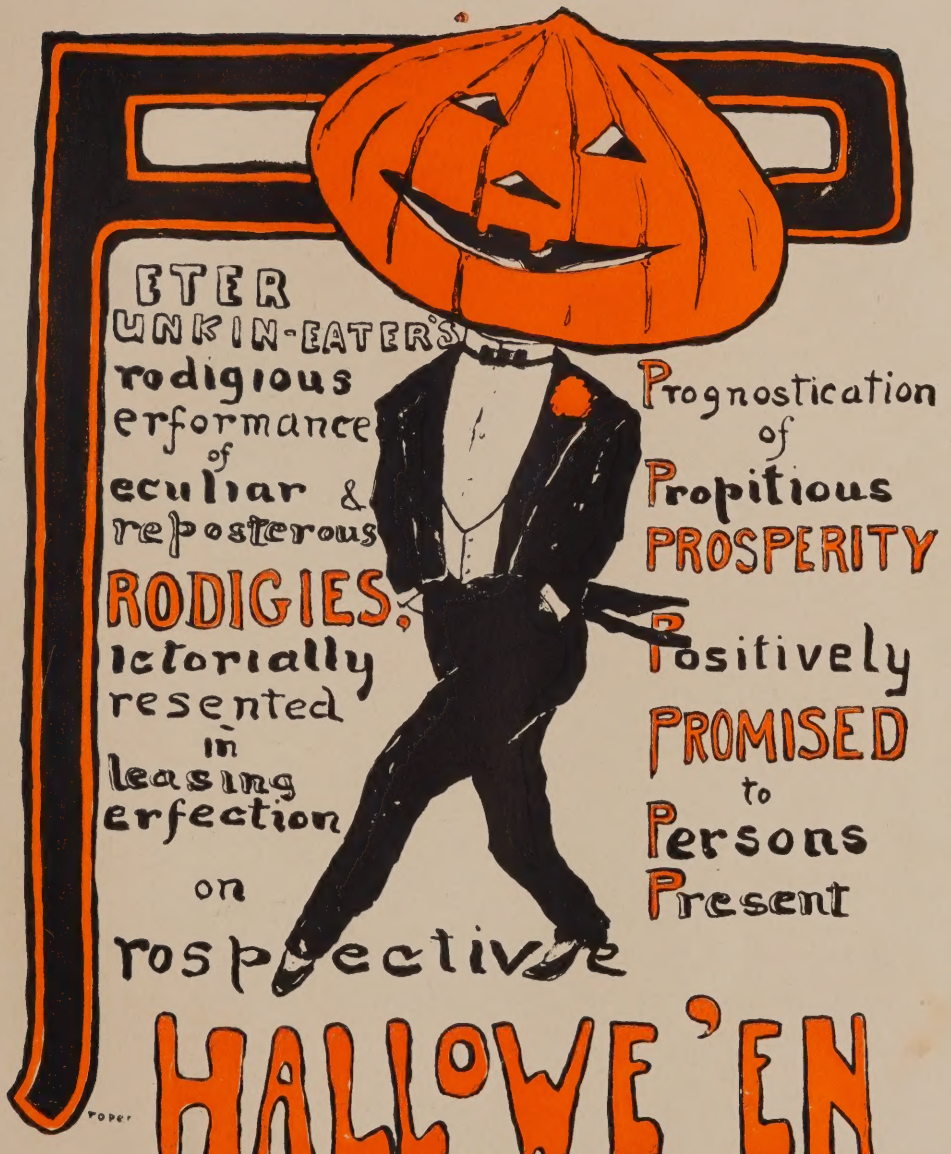
Vergie Gilliam

Minnie Carter

Clara Clark

Margaret Haddox

Jennie Haddox


ETER
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Prognostication
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Propitious
PROSPERITY
Positively
PROMISED
to
Persons
Present
HALLOWE'EN
PROVENDER + PROFUSELY PROVIDED

ILLUSTRATION FROM THE "MAGAZINE," GIVEN HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

# Music Department

DR. SCHEMMEL

"Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written Gentleman,"
And in his heart and brain, had fixed
A joy in all things true and good,
And in his soul had planted
Music's immortal harmonies
And for all these his pupils give him love.

CERTIFICATE CLASS

# Music

MUSIC! what sweet memories the very word brings to the mind of every student at V. I. There comes to the ear the melodious tones of thirty pianos, while many voices join in and make the whole air ring with the lovely chorus; and mingling with these come the tones of the violin merrily carrying its part.

On hearing these enchanting sounds, the question arises, "What master hand produces such music as this?" Ask any music student at V. I. and she will say it is Dr. Schemmel who with magic hand not only takes the instrument himself and by a few strokes produces the most pleasing harmony, but takes the stiff fingers and discordant minds of hundreds of girls, in course of time making all hands nimble and changing all discords into the most delightful harmony. It is he who with his never failing patience, has a pleasant smile for everybody and a word of encouragement for each pupil.

Side by side with him comes his dear wife. At the mention of her name there comes the picture of a dear little creature who was never known to frown (except when you are late to practice), who meets everybody (even that darling cat), with "dearie" and who has the utmost power over her pupils, so great that she can even make them count. From Mrs. Schemmel our mind turns to "Mack," or rather Miss Johnson. Though a Senior last year, she has found it rather difficult to put on the stern and dignified aspect of a teacher, and has by no means lost her liking to go "down town." However, she is beloved by all and has accomplished the awful task of starting students in music with remarkable facility.

But whence come the many voices which fill the air with sweet song? For this portion of the music all are in debt partly to Dr. Schemmel and partly to Miss Byrne who are always ready to lend their pupils for the entertainment of others. All her pupils will go home with Miss Byrne's praises on their lips, Miss Byrne's love in their hearts, and by songs will bear witness of her ability as a teacher.

But is this all the music that comes from Virginia Institute? No, the violin has a voice in the great concord of sound. The Art Class might say that every Thursday they hear some very melodious tones piercing the art hall above. However, it must be remembered, these are the efforts of pupils beginning, who under the splendid training of Prof. Findley some day will make fine musicians.

Under these teachers with Dr. Schemmel as general director there are two hundred pupils, one hundred and fourteen of whom are trying to become great pianists, forty-seven intend by their voices to fill the world with music, thirty-six, not satisfied with playing other people's music, are studying harmony, while three pupils are trying their best to make their "screaking violins" sound like Prof. Findley's.

When all these pupils with the ability acquired under these excellent teachers shall have scattered out, it will indeed be as if all the pianos, voices, and violins had joined together in a world-chorus of V. I. music.

# Chorus Class

MISS GONZELLA BYRNE, *Chorus Director*

Myrta Anderson
Ethel Anderson
Lois Blackwell
Daphne Blackwell
Adele Bicknell
Suella Burnett
Hattie Brooks
Lucile Curry
Minnie Carter
Minnie French
Ione Fouts
Lena Mai Hardy
Myrtle Hamilton
Eloise Hulse
Mabel Jennelle
Ammile Jones
Sallie Lott
Katie Lockhart
Margaret LaRue
Elizabeth Leckie
Edna Lyle
Lucile Lowry
Katie Sue Morris
Princess Mackie
Rebecca McQueen
Monnie Moore
Ethel May
Carrie Miller
Hattie Phipps
Barbara Reynolds
Mabel Ross
Myrtle Robinson
Rubye Shelton
Bessie Stoner
Mary Taylor
Navarra Turner
Stella Trammell
Evelyn Wilson

# Elocution Department

MISS KATHERINE REYNOLDS McCORMICK

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face;
The lineaments of Gospel books—
I trow that countenance can not lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

—SPENSER.

# Echoes From "The Night's Plutonian Shore"

Enter Titania.

"I'll ne'er forgive that varlet, William Shakespeare,
For holding me to scorn 'fore all the world;
He knew 'twas but a dream, that I did love
An ass, a human form with ass's head,
Yet knowing this, in play as he doth claim,
He holds me up with such a show of truth
That all the world doth link my name, Titania,
With that of Bottom, creature vile past all
Endurance. Yet in this I find some comfort,
That in these latter days, The Dream hath been
Somewhat o'erlooked by th' world of men, and if
This thing abide, I trust I may regain
My old-time glory as the Queen of Fairyland."

Enter Hermia and Perdita.

But soft: "Methinks I know these maids approaching."
Hermia: "Dost thou remember, my Perdita, how
In times long past, flirtation had with one
Demetrius, much loved of Helena,
A jade for whom I cherished no great love?
Lysander was my flame and those two youths
Did love the very ground I trod upon."
Perdita: "But not so much as Florizel, my love" * * *
Hermia: "Oh fudge! because thy love wast born a prince,
Thou deemest there is none other like him.
But don't let's fuss."
Perdita: "Thou art the only one."
Hermia: "Well, be still and let me have my say,
And I'll not quarrel. Hast thou not heard
What William Shakespeare told the world of me?
He seemed to have a liking for that Helena,
So took my lovers both from me and gave them unto her,

Declar'd her washed-out eyes as bright as mine,
And with such words, didst hold me up to scorn."
Perdita: "Why William Shakespeare, he did speak the truth of me
Save that he gave me beauty such as I ne'er had."
Hermia: "'Tis true indeed, for he was partial ever."
Titania (advancing): "'Tis said that misery loves company,
And I could add my tears to yours, sweet maid.
From you he lovers took, but worse, far worse,
He made me love an ass."
Hermia (aside to Perdita): "And this is true."
(Aloud): "My gentle queen, you much astonish me.
But worse is yet to come."
Titania: "What worse? Impossible."
Hermia: "What can be worse, dear Queen, than having falsehood
Of one told, and then to be enacted,
By girls who dearly love a bit of gossip,
And have not wit to know that Shakespeare never
Did tell the truth."
Titania: "Who's been enacting us?"
Hermia: "The Elocution Class" * * *
Perdita: "What's elocution?"
Titania: "Oh, thou poor, unsophisticated maid!
Indeed, I've suffered full as much from it
As from the lies of that man Shakespeare."
Hermia: "And I,—
But on that point, dear Queen, he once spake truth.
Did not our sweet prince Hamlet to the players say,—
'Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, for in the very whirlwind of your passion, you must beget a temperance, that will give it smoothness. Be not too tame neither, but suit the action to the word, and the word to the action. Now this overdone, though it make the unskilful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.' "
Titania: "Oh yes, I do remember, yet the words
Of one, a new light in the world of letters,
George Madden Martin is the name, smack much of truth
Who says to elocutionists, 'to suit
The action to the word,' this meaning bears,
That action is but gesture and that gesture

Doth signify 'great sweeps and circles of the arm—' "
Hermia: " "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true,'
And Oh, dear land, how it doth weary me,
I'd rather far be killed outright than forced
To suffer at the hands of such.
Yet this doth not concern the story I would tell,
Which is but this. The Elocution Class,
(Your wonder satisfied, Perdita, I trust
You'll interrupt no more, a second Rosalind)
Of one Virginia Institue, a school
Of much renown, did in the year just past
Enact the play o' Midsummer Night's Dream,
In which the man, this saucy William Shakespeare,
Did forever fix us all."
Perdita: "Oh no,—
For he did place me with my Florizel
In Winter's Tale."
Hermia: "What matter is't indeed,
For they do play those last two acts, in which
You both appear, this very year;
And then you'll understand what 'tis to be
Forever talked about and gossipped of
By giggling, foolish girls. Indeed
The very prettiest speeches that I ever made
They cut and cut until it 'scarce was recognizable by whom it left.'
For weeks and weeks, my Queen, our names and deeds
Were brandished here and there on every tongue,
Until my very brain did reel."
Titania: "And did they all believe those lies of you and me?"
Perdita: "And will I thus with my sweet Florizel
Be gossiped of? I can't endure such butting in
On my affairs, by those who have no right."
Enter Paulina and Puck.
Paulina: "Be still, you foolish child, Hermia,
And you, my gentle Queen. Sweet Puck
Invisible, hath heard you talk and told
Of these your fancied woes. They are
But fancied, for I know of surety
That while your names were tossed here and there,

As ours will doubtless be 'fore very long,
That it was done in kindness, and I hear
From those who know, with such a sense of truth
That they did seem to live, not act the parts."
Hermia: "Oh fiddlesticks! 'tis not in elocution
So to do. Besides I know they set
Me forth as most cantankerous and mean,
Nor gave me half the beauty I am dowered with."
Puck: "Oh Lord! What fools these jealous women be."
Paulina: "Ay Hermia, for thou wast jealous ever.
I pray thee lay aside thy bitterness.
And it would seem that they did feel more warmly
Unto you than unto us, for you belong
To Midsummer Night's Dream, while we to Winter's Tale.
And as neither one nor other doth appear
A Comedy of Errors to approach,
Then surely All is Well that Ends Well."

# Dramatis Personae of Midsummer Night's Dream

Theseus, Duke of Athens.....Miss Bessie Lyle
Egeus, Father of Hermia.....Bessie Stoner
Lysander, Lover of Hermia.....Zelma Burton
Demetrius, Lover of Hermia.....Janie Fennessee
Philostrate, Master of Duke's Household.....Mary Dickinson
Oberon, King of Fairies.....Rose Eanes
Puck.....Marie Turner
Bottom.....Myrtle Robinson
Flute.....Della Young
Snout.....Cynthia Orr
Snug.....Lucile Curry
Starveling.....Kate Fields
Quince.....Rebecca McQueen
Hyppolita, Queen of Amazons.....Ivey Smith
Titania, Queen of Fairies.....Bessie Lynn Robinson
Hermia, Athenian Lady.....Wanda Powers
Helena, Athenian Lady.....Queen Honeycutt
First Fairy.....Pauline Crouch
Cobweb.....Lissie Johnson
Peasblossom.....Elizabeth Winston
Mustardseed.....Margaret La Rue
Moth.....Carrie Smith
Presenter.....Clara Gaines
Wall.....Cynthia Orr
Pyramus.....Myrtle Robinson
Thisbe.....Della Young
Lion.....Elizabeth Leckie
Moonshine.....Lucile Curry

Lords and Ladies of Theseus' Court and Fairies.

Four-hand arrangement Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream—Music,
Misses Clyde East and Marion Johnson

# Winter's Tale

Leontes, King of Sicilia.....Miss Gertrude Tucker
Camillo, a Lord of Sicilia.....Arline Stockton
Cleomenes, a Lord of Sicilia.....Pearl Karnes
Polixines, King of Bohemia.....Queen Honeycutt
Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.....Marie Turner
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.....Myrtle Robinson
Clown, his Son.....Della Young
Autolycus, a Rogue.....Wanda Powers
Hermione, Queen to Leontes.....Betty Burke
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.....Daphne Blackwell
Paulina, Lady of Sicilia.....Elizabeth Graham
Mopsa, Shepherdess.....Bessie Lynn Robinson
Dorcas, Shepherdess.....Margaret La Rue
Page.....Mary Matthews
Page.....Irene Greenwald
First Gentleman.....Mattie Johnson
Second Gentleman.....Lutie Hughes
Third Gentleman.....Katherine Lockhart
Time—as Chorus.....Rebecca McQueen
Shepherds and Shepherdesses

ART
CLASS
"Anne"
"Champ"
"Miss Prop"
"Oalie"
"Cyb"
"Mag"
"Monk"
"Minna"
"Chic"
"Luca"
"Ham"
"Son"
"Jack"
"Jodie"
"Bobby"
"The Farmer"
"Sport"
"Myrt"
"Buster"

# Sketch Club

CHIEF OBJECT
Do others as they do you

COLORS
Rainbow tints

FLOWER
Lotus

YELL
Come! 'ere, Miss Proper!!

MEMBERS

Miss "Is" Proper ..... "Curiosity" Box
Ivey Smith ..... "Miss Independence"
Lena Mai Hardy ..... "Copy Cat"
Evelyn Wilson ..... "A Piker"
Eula McGhee ..... "Fireman"
Virgie Gilliam ..... "10 o'clock Scholar"
Edna Lyle ..... The "Smasher"
Joe Stiff ..... "Book worm"
Margaret Johnson ..... "Chief tinter"
Lillian Bacon ..... The "Scrubber"
Myrta Anderson ..... "Puncher"
Olive Bobbitt ..... ?
Ruthven Champion ..... "Scrap box"
Minnie French ..... "No 1"
Susie Musselwhite ..... "Charcoal"
Wanda Powers ..... "Wash bowl"
Essie Farmer ..... "(F) Etcher"
Anna Leckie ..... The "Capitol"

# A Midnight Feast

Once upon a midnight cheery soft we scampered, quick and skeery,
Down through many a hall and stairway; down unto the second floor;
All our long kimonas flowing, telling plainly we were going
And our destination showing, showing we 'd been there before.
"Let us in," we softly whispered, "Let us in your chamber door."
Only this and nothing more.

Soon as all were safe together we debated as to whether
Feast we 'd spread on bed or floor—which were quicker covered o'er.
One fair Daniel come to judgment said we knew well what a smudge meant
If we got it on the drugget, drugget down upon the floor.
So we voted for the bed then. That's the best place for a spread when
You can't have it on the floor.

Feast we had from Mount Olympic. Jove! 'Twould e'en have made him sick
To see the sweet ambrosial mixtures, food for gods now nevermore.
Pickles had we without number. What girl would not leave her slumber
To partake of such a rarebit, sardines, olives by the score?
Cakes had we also, and candy. O, it was so very grand a
Feast, with anecdote galore.

Thus as we were deeply in it, suddenly a pause, as when it
Seems you hear a sound full fearsome, sound you truly do deplore.
In this pause there came a tapping, and we knew it was a rapping.
Rapping that was so persistent, tapping that was insistent
Well we knew 'twas trouble bringing, clinging to us as before,
Huddled there upon the floor.

Swift as spirits disappearing, hoping, but still often fearing,
We bestowed things in a hurry—(We had hurried oft before).
In the washstand, in the dresser (which will make an awful mess or
Else you must be very careful, careful not to turn it o'er).
Then to bed we went all creeping, with a good pretense at sleeping,
Even to a gentle snore.

Still we heard that gentle knocking.
To a girl it is quite shocking
Thus to be disturbed at midnight from
her couch (which then held four),
Then, my spirit growing stronger, I
could bear the sound no longer,
So I sleepily went trailing, trailing
out across the floor;
And I looked in sweet surprise, as teary
as the April skies
As soft I oped the chamber door.

In the light from hallway stealing stood a monitor, revealing
That a midnight prank had surely just been caught up with once more.
Still we hoped that hidden dishes and the smell of little fishes,
Smoke of toasted cheese and candle—these, the heavens we did implore,
Might escape th' untimely caller, and she 'd note that quiet snore;
Note that sweet and peaceful snore.

Could be heard a faint heart beating; standing there without once greeting
Cheek of mine in hue could rival nothing but the whitest rose.
Still she stood, that dreaded figure, till was heard a smothered snigger
Come from where we hung our dresses, dresses and our other clothes.
Not much longer did she linger, but with silent, upraised finger
Touched the jelly on my nose. N. S.

# Improvements on the Campus

Only a few improvements are needed on the campus to make V. I. a place of ideal beauty. First the Lott ought to be enclosed by a strong wall, and the Gates fastened firmly so that no Stoner would be able to crush them by hard Knox, and no cow to enter un-Trammell-ed, nor devastating fire Burnett. Over the Gates beautiful clinging Ivey might be trained, so that any passers-by, whether it be one lone wanderer or a Robinson's circus parade, would not fail to be attracted by the vine. A French Rose over the arch would welcome our Queen as she returns from her daily walk accompanied by the Princess. Some Hardy trees planted by the wall would add much to the beauty of the place. These trees would not be used to Lynch on, but under their shade any one, whether it be Chap- or -man, might rest from the sun's sweltering rays. Let neither the Smith nor the Taylor, but the Farmer, whose duty it is, attend to the planting of these. Yet we who love fruit well, with our hands, plant a Crabtree, an Olive tree, and a Hazel tree, and he who Hughes these down will gain the contempt of the Goode. In the Dell where the Young like to stroll, a summer house covered with the rambling Myrtle vine, which is without a Thorne, never Stiff, and which the Fickle winds love to caress, should be built. A great addition to the campus would be a lake at the foot of the hill, with a fountain in the center, and little Brooks, whose scintillating waters would be as bright as the Rubye, or, by the moonlight, as soft as the Pearl, where Daphne would weave her magic web around the Swann swimming on the pond. Around the sturdy oaks, which no Powers can uproot, might be trained the Virginia creeper. The Proper thing to do, in order that the campus may become ideally beautiful, is to clear off the Courts and remove the Mills which have proved a great nuisance to all, including Mrs. Swann And-'er-son.

If these improvements are made and our campus Gaines in beauty, by next May it will be the Champion campus of the South, worthy of an ode from Horace, and the sublimest of arias from Dr. Schemmel!

C. A. G.

Edna Earle Lyle.....*President*
Clara Arnold Gaines.....*Vice-President*
Eula McGhee .....*Secretary*
Mary Glenn Baylor .....*Treasurer*

**HONORARY MEMBERS**

Mrs. George F. Winston
Miss Katharine Reynolds McCormick
Miss Lucy Dickenson

**ROLL**

Virginia Gilliam
Browning Bobbitt
Olive Bobbitt
Eloise Hulse
Florence Dickey
Belle Bundy
Anna Leckie
Elizabeth Leckie
Mattie Johnson
Bessie Williams
Barbara Reynolds
Harriet Reynolds
Nannie Lynch
Minnie French
Della Young
Louise Wright
Ella Greer
Lutie Hughes
Margaret LaRue
Pearl Karnes
Pauline Karnes
Maggie Stinson
Mary Matthews
Alice Jamison
Rosa Stinson
Susie Musselwhite
Alma Crabtree
Ivey Smith
Elizabeth Burke
Eula May Burke
Edyth Atwood
Virgilia Atwood
Patsy Osborne
Rose Eanes
Alitha Witten
Mabel Jennelle
Eva Ballard

Colors:—Blue and White
Flower:—Virginia Creeper
Motto:—First,—or not at all
Favorite Saying:—"I'm from Virginia"

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

**SONG**

"And I believe that happy land
The Lord prepared for mortal man,
Is built exactly on the plan
Of Old Virginia."

# TENNESSEE

**FLOWER**
Tulip

**MOTTO**
Simplicity, Sincerity and Success

**COLORS**
Orange and White

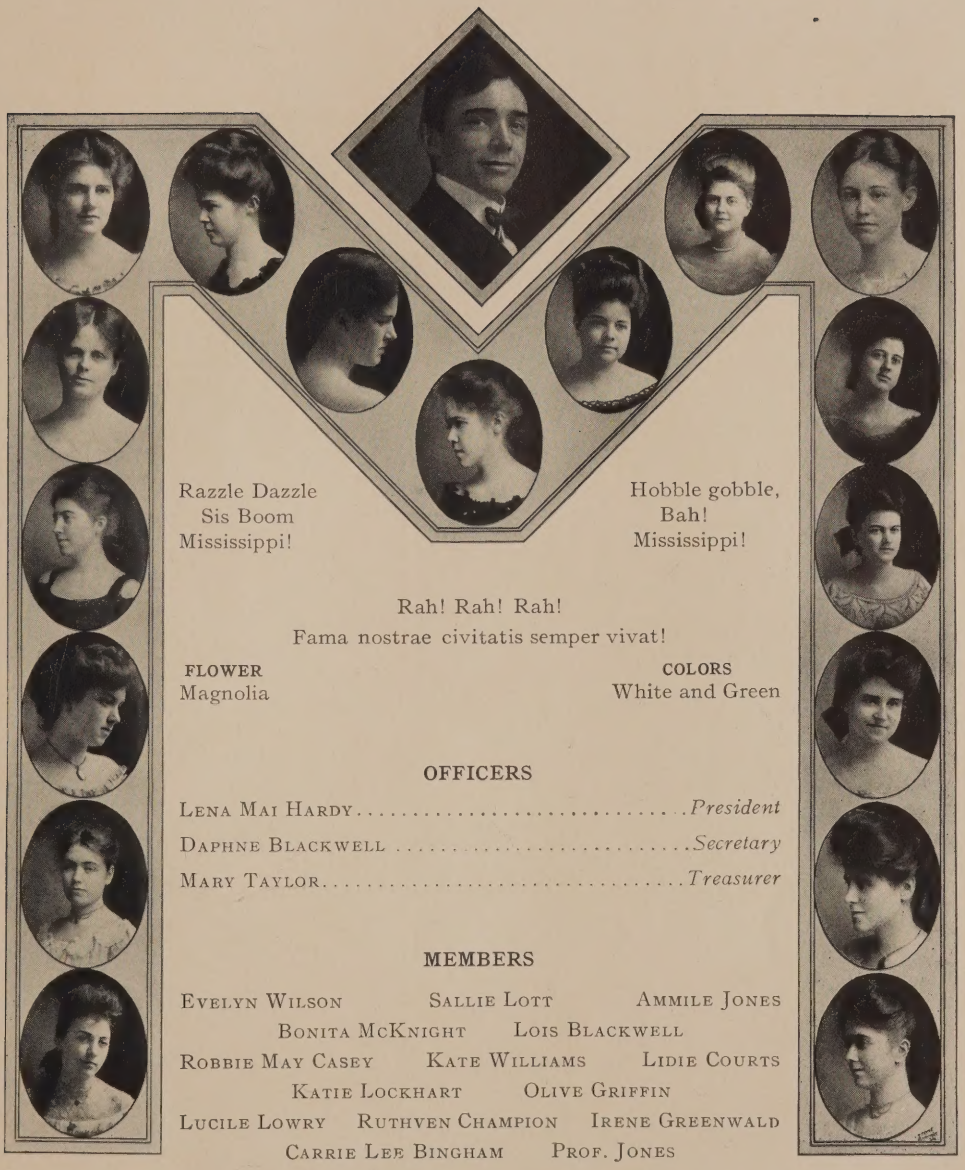
HATTIE STOKELY ..... *President*
MARY LEE ANDERSON ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*
WANDA POWERS ..... *Artist*

**MEMBERS**

MARY LEE ANDERSON — STELLA TRAMMELL — LILLIAN BACON
ADELE BICKNELL — ESSIE FARMER — HATTIE BROWN
RUTH BROWN — BIRDIE FARMER — SUELLA BURNETT
MINNIE CARTER — FLORENCE DICKEY — CLARA CLARK
VIRGINIA DUNGAN
MARGARET HADDOX — MYRTLE HAMILTON
BIRDIE JOHNSON — JENNIE HADDOX
MARION JOHNSON — HATTIE STOKELY — BEULAH LEE
ANNA MAHONEY — THEODORE SWANN — BEULAH MAY
FLOY MCCORKLE — WANDA POWERS — WILLIE MCCORKLE
CARRIE MORTON — REBECCA MCQUEEN — MYRTLE ROBINSON
KATIE SUE MORRIS — ETHEL MAY — CLARA NORVELL

**HONORARY MEMBERS**

PRES. J. T. HENDERSON — MISS ALEXANDER
MISS JESSIE MAE STOKELY — MRS. J. S. SWANN



Razzle Dazzle
Sis Boom
Mississippi!

Hobble gobble,
Bah!
Mississippi!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Fama nostrae civitatis semper vivat!

**FLOWER**
Magnolia

**COLORS**
White and Green

## OFFICERS

LENA MAI HARDY ..... *President*
DAPHNE BLACKWELL ..... *Secretary*
MARY TAYLOR ..... *Treasurer*

## MEMBERS

EVELYN WILSON SALLIE LOTT AMMILE JONES
BONITA MCKNIGHT LOIS BLACKWELL
ROBBIE MAY CASEY KATE WILLIAMS LIDIE COURTS
KATIE LOCKHART OLIVE GRIFFIN
LUCILE LOWRY RUTHVEN CHAMPION IRENE GREENWALD
CARRIE LEE BINGHAM PROF. JONES

# Texas Club

## OFFICERS

**BRONCHO CHIEF**
Myrta Anderson

**SCRIBBLER**
Mabel Ross

**DOUGH KEEPER**
Navarra Turner

**COLORS**
Silver and Maroon

**FLOWER**
Blue Bonnet

**EMBLEM**
Lone Star

**MOTTO**
"The stars my camp,
The deity my light."

**GODFATHER AND GODMOTHER**
Professor and Mrs. Geo. F. Winston

## ROLL CALL

Myrta Anderson
Ethel Anderson
Lucile Curry
Ione Fouts
Elizabeth Graham
Mayme Gorman
Marie Turner
Margaret Johnson
Mattie Lou McKinney
Mabel Ross
Joe Stiff
Navarra Turner
Elizabeth Winston

## TEXAS AS WE KNOW IT

Texas is the widest, broadest, and longest country on the earth, extending from east to west and also from north to south. She could put Rhode Island in her vest pocket. She could swallow three or four States like Tennessee, and wash them down by drinking the Mississippi dry. Texas is the Empire State of the Union. She's the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lively. She's the pebble on the beach She's the only one of the old blue's chickens. She's the cock of the walk and the democrat of the world. Texas is bounded on the east by the alligators of Louisiana and huckleberry thickets of Arkansas. She is bounded on the north by the tomahawk and the war whoop of the red men. She is bounded on the west by the chili of New Mexico. She is bounded on the south by the Gulf of Mexico and if it wasn't for that insignificant body of salt water she would extend beyond the south pole.

# NORTH CAROLINA

—"and the bright-eyed daughter
None could fairer be,
Oh! it is a land of love
And sweet liberty."

**MOTTO**

Esse quam videri

**ROLL**

BESSIE STONER.....*President*
QUEEN HONEYCUTT .....*Vice-President*
MABELLE STOKELY. .*Secretary and Treasurer*
PRINCESS MACKIE. .*Corresponding Secretary*
ARLINE STOCKTON } .....*Majority*
BERTY HATCH }

# Massachusetts

MOTTO
Possum

SYMBOL
Pumpkin Pie

COLORS
Light Blue and Gold

MEMBER

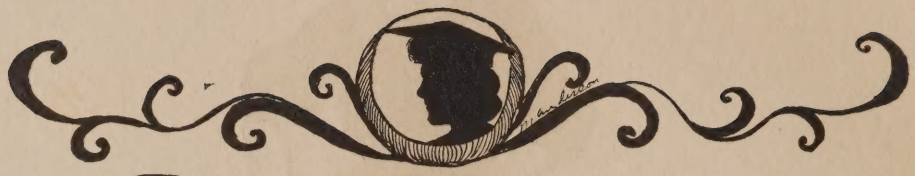
GERTRUDE M. THORNE

Away down South in Dixie
From the well-renowned Hub,
I am the august body
Of the Massachusetts Club.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION:—Oh dear, Miss Schroeder!

## Athletic Association

LENA MAI HARDY ..... *President*
IVEY SMITH ..... *Vice-President*
SUELLA BURNETT ..... *Secretary*
LOIS BLACKWELL ..... *Treasurer*



# -Basket Ball-

YELL

None can reach us!
Ha! ha! ha!
None can beat us!
Ya! ya! ya!
First team! first team!
Ra! Ra! Ra!

Miss Hardy ..... Umpire
Suella Burnett ..... Captain
Lucile Curry ..... Left Forward
Marie Turner ..... Right Forward
Ethel Anderson ..... Left Forward Center
Buelah Lee ..... Right Forward Center
Kate Morris ..... Left Back Center
Mattie Lou McKinney ..... Right Back Center
Eula McGhee ..... Left Guard
Hattie Stokely ..... Right Guard
Lucile Lowry ..... Goal Guard

FIRST BASKET-BALL TEAM

CHAMPION TEAM

# Champion Team

YELL

Zip! Zah! Sis Boom Bah!
V. I! V. I! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Miss Wilson.....Umpire
Myrta Anderson.....Captain
Navarra Turner.....Left Forward
Mabel Ross.....Right Forward
Sallie Lott.....Left Forward Center
Joe Stiff.....Right Forward Center
Lillian Bacon.....Left Back Center
Mabelle Stokely.....Right Back Center
Carrie Morton.....Left Guard
Browning Bobbitt.....Right Guard
Elizabeth Graham.....Goal Guard

# Tennis Club

Eula McGhee ..... *President*

Kate Morris ..... *Business Manager*

H. L. Jones ..... *Coach (man)*

Mary Lee Anderson

Willie McCorkle

Hattie Stokely

Suella Burnett

Elizabeth Winston

Pearl Karnes

Daphne Blackwell

Edna Lyle

# Origin of the White Violet

In a secluded spot on the campus penetrated by the rays of the morning sun, but sheltered from the scorching heat of the afternoon by the protecting walls of the college building, there grew a bed of violets, sweet English violets. William of Orange had brought the first stalk to America many years ago.

Their rare sweetness they had acquired through successive states of culture, for long ago when they ran riot over hill and dale in England and Scotland, their perfume was scarcely to be distinguished from the fragrance of all leaves and grasses.

One day a great rank weed appeared among the violets. It reared its head aloft and finally a coarse flower blossomed forth, blue in color, but so obnoxious that all birds and bees shunned it, though to the lesser birds the stalk was as a tree for size. It then flaunted itself in the wind, saying, "Look at me, you flowers and grasses; how large and grand I am, and then look at these poor simple violets. When I am as old as they I will be taller than the oak tree." For it was all ignorant that no suddenly acquired wealth of height or display could atone for its lack of the sweetness which had come to the violets through the slow transformation of clods and rain in the delight and fulness of a summer. What it knew not of, it could not desire.

The violets said never a word, but in their own quiet way shed their sweetness abroad, smiling serenely upon the world and each other. Now the world seemed to love the violets better, bestowing upon them favors and pleasant words, so that at last the day of awakening came to the weed and it said, "Now

am I wretched indeed! No one loves me, none admires me; no birds rest their nests against me, though they affix themselves to supports less sure; around my stalk the very violets themselves are dying as though of a pestilence. It would have been better if I had not lived." So from very shame its rank leaves and petals drooped, falling away one by one, and when the stalk had withered until one could not say where the place of the weed had been, there sprang up a white violet, most beautiful and sweet, in as much as it had drunk deep of the moisture and richness of that spot.

A. J. M.

# Virginia Institute Girls in the World's Work

Miss Lota Harrigan, diploma graduate of Dr. Schemmel, 1904, having finished her studies abroad, is now director of a conservatory of music in the City of Mexico.

Miss Maude Henderson is taking a post-graduate course in Art at the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C.

Miss Bessie Bettis is teaching music in Carson and Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn. Miss Bessie Lyle is teaching music at Radford, Va. Miss Jennie Heiner is now in Paris. She will perhaps remain abroad for two years.

Miss Minnie Baylor is spending the Winter and Spring in Baltimore.

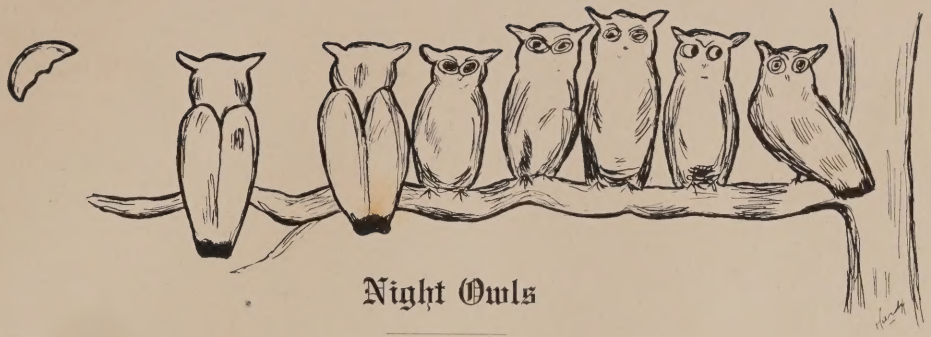
Many of our school-mates of last year are trying to impart to others a portion of their hard earned knowledge—Miss Banie Johnston at Hicksville, Va.; Miss Kate Cox at Chilhowie, Va.; Miss Regina Eiseman at Johnson City, Tenn.

Misses Floy Harris, Allie Huskins, Clyde East, Bessie Lott, Preston St. John, and Kate Fields are resting from their labors and blessing home with the sunshine of their presence.

In the meanwhile, Cupid has not been idle and his hand has not lost its cunning. Among the victims are Miss Charmian Young, now Mrs. Kirkpatrick; Miss Carrie Morris, Mrs. Cole; Miss Bertha Tyler, Mrs. Cope; Miss Kate Crump, Mrs. Sigourney; Miss Ethel Hawley, Mrs. Hawk; Miss Rosa Eanes, Mrs. Thomas; Miss Sara Ella Large, Mrs. Leonard.

# Social Organizations

Organizations
in the order in
which they
come.



# Night Owls

COLOR
Black

MOTTO
We Never Sleep

FLOWER
Moonvine

"Who-who, who-who?" That's who!
This is the "Owl Club!" Who are you?
We are seven and sometimes at night
To hear us screech would give you a fright
We are birds of passage and passing by
We tarry awhile at old V. I.,
For the owl, you know, is a wise bird ever,
Not simply a creature of fuss and feather,
So for many moons we have stored up knowledge,
And flitted about the halls of the College.
Our names we 'll tell, if you 'll only wait
There's Lizzie and "Jack" from the Lone Star State;
While from Mississippi comes "Hardy" and "Jap,"
Evelyn and Sallie—a cute little chap;
And last of all, Lois, who can't be forgotten,
These, then, are the "Owls," from the land of cotton.
Now this is the limit, and we must quit,
"Tu who, tu who, tu who, tu whit."

AN "ONERY" MEMBER.

# Y Y C.

**FLOWER**
"Rubber Plant"

**COLORS**
Green and White

**MOTTO**
Get y's together

**YELL**

Rip! Boom Bah!
Our merriment never slacks
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Our energy never lacks,
Three and two
Zipity bang whee
We're always jolly good fellows,
Y. Y. C.

WANDA POWERS ..... *Chieftess* ..... "Jolly Jack"
OLLIE GRIFFIN ..... *Vice-Chieftess* ..... "Happy Hooligan"
BESSIE STONER ..... *Keeper of Records* ..... "Gloomy Gus"
VIRGINIA GILLIAM ..... *Keeper of cents (sense)* ..... "Weary Willie"
ELOISE HULSE ..... *Whole Congregation* ..... "Cyclone Fritz"

## Japs

ROBBIE MAE CASEY

MYRTLE ROBINSON

WILLIE MC CORKLE

FLOY MC CORKLE

LILLIAN BACON

ALMA CRABTREE

ANNA MAHONEY

RHO DELTA CLUB

COLORS

Crimson and Ebony

BETTY BURKE ..... *President* ..... Virginia
EDNA LYLE ..... *Vice-President* ..... Virginia
RUTHVEN CHAMPION ..... *Secretary* ..... Mississippi
SUELLA BURNETT ..... *Treasurer* ..... Tennessee

B-t-y B-r-e

"Here in her hairs the painter plays the spider, and hath woven a golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men."

S-e-l- B-r-e-t

"An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!"

L-d-e C-u-t-

"Age can not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

V-r-i-i- A-w-o-

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

K-t-e L-c-h-r-

"Fine of the fine, shy of the shy."

E-l-M-e B-r-e

"To see her is to love her."

E-n- L-l

"A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

R-t-v-n C-a-p-o

"She is possessed of that inexhaustible good nature, which is the choicest gift of heaven."

I-e- S-i-h

"For she is wise if I can judge of her, and fair she is, if that mine eyes be true."

K-t-e S-e M-r-i-

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

E-y-h A-w-o-

"A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded, a rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

B-n-t- M-K-i-h

"She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought."

Rho! Rho! Rho!
Del! Del! Del!
Rho Del! Rho Del! Rho Delta!
Rip Rah! Rip Rah!
Rip! Rah! Rah!
Rho Del! Rho Del!
Rho! Delta!

## ROLL CALL AND FAVORITE SAYINGS

ETHEL ANDERSON
"Cutie in the auto."

MYRTA ANDERSON
"For cat' sake."

MARY LEE ANDERSON
"If that's not a sport I"ll set 'em up."

ADELE BICKNELL
"Great Balls of Fire."

LUCILE CURRY
"The carriage is backing."

MARGARET JOHNSON
"Yea! Yea!!"

MABEL JENNELLE
"Well, agony."

BEULAH LEE
"Stop, stop!"

MATTIE LOU MCKINNEY
"Oh, rats!"

EULA MCGHEE
"Oh, fie."

RUBYE SHELTON
"Oh, Billy!"

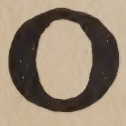
**FLOWER**
Johnny-Jump-Up

**COLORS**
Light Black and Dark White

**LOAFING PLACE**
Union Depot, (3d floor)

**TOAST**

Here's to the lassies of D. O. T.



Come, fill up your glasses
And drink with me.
First in their Classes,
Where'er they may be,
A toast to the D. O. T's.
Soon they'll be leaving for far and near,
Done are the days of this jolly year,
Parted the friends that we held so dear
The girls of the D. O. T's.
Here's to their health and wealth and fun
May all days be happy for everyone
And never the rain, but always sunshine on the D. O. T's.

D. O T. CLUB

# Tau Betas

Mr. Jones—"Boss"

**FLOWER**
Daisy

**COLOR**
Green

**BETAS! SONG**

(*Tune, "Jasper Johnson, Shame on you."*)
Tau, Tau Betas! shame on you;
You can't play and study too.
You may fool the Faculty now and then
But you'll slip off the "Honor Roll" again

We know what we are talking about,
Don't let the Faculty find us out,
For they'll all stand up and shout,
Shame on you!

**MEMBERS**

Ethel Anderson
Mattie Lou McKinney
Lidie Courts
Beulah Lee
Evelyn Wilson
Suella Burnett
Eula McGhee

**OCCUPATIONS**

E. Anderson ..... Prize Fighting
S. Burnett ..... Banister Sliding
L. Courts ..... Buttinskie
B Lee ..... Boxing
M. McKinney ..... Racing
E. McGhee ..... Climbing
E. Wilson ..... Wrestling

# The Harrisonian Literary Society

COLORS
Red and White

FLOWER
Red Carnation

MOTTO
Spectemur agendo

**First Term**

IVEY SMITH ..... *President*
CLARA GAINES ..... *Vice-President*
SUELLA BURNETT ..... *Secretary*
BESSIE STONER ..... *Treasurer*
JETTIE GREER ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
CARRIE MORTON ..... *Librarian*
ELIZABETH LECKIE ..... *Critic*
BELLE BUNDY ..... *Monitor*

**Second Term**

IVEY SMITH ..... *President*
CLARA GAINES ..... *Vice-President*
MARY MATTHEWS ..... *Secretary*
BESSIE STONER ..... *Treasurer*
SUELLA BURNETT ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
ALMA CRABTREE ..... *Librarian*
DELLA YOUNG ..... *Critic*
ARLINE STOCKTON ..... *Monitor*

**Third Term**

CLARA GAINES ..... *President*
DELLA YOUNG ..... *Vice-President*
ARLINE STOCKTON ..... *Secretary*
ALMA CRABTREE ..... *Treasurer*
BETTY BURKE ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
ANNA LECKIE ..... *Librarian*
IVEY SMITH ..... *Critic*
CARRIE MORTON ..... *Monitor*

## Roll of Members

Edyth Atwood
Virgilia Atwood
Anna Aaron
Suella Burnett
Mary Glenn Baylor
Hattie Brown
Belle Bundy
Betty Burke
Eula Mae Burke
Mrs. Hattie Brooks
Clara Clark
Alma Crabtree
Minnie Lee Carter
Florence Dickey
Jennie Fennessee
Jett Grear
Ella Grear
Eva Ballard
Clara Gaines
Ollie Griffin
Bertie Goode
Jennie Haddox
Margaret Haddox
Bertie Hatch
Eloise Hulse
Lutie Hughes
Marion Johnson
Alice Jamison
Jamie Knox
Margaret La Rue
Elizabeth Leckie
Anna Leckie
Princess Mackie
Carrie Morton
Mary Matthews
Monnie Moore
Rebecca McQueen
Susie Musselwhite
Hattie Phipps
Bessie Lynn Roberson
Harriet Reynolds
Willie Ropp
Ivey Smith
Maggie Stinson
Bessie Stoner
Arline Stockton
Mabelle Stokely
Gertrude Thorne
Macie Thorne
Stella Trammell
Bessie Williams
Della Young

## The Harrisonian Literary Society

"Harrisonian!" What thoughts, what memories, what inspirations rise at the mention of that name!

On the evening of November 22d, 1884, when the Southwest Virginia Institute, as it was then called, was located at Glade Springs, a few girls met to form a literary society. It was named in honor of the founder of the school, Rev. J. R. Harrison, and while weak at first it grew and widened its scope until to-day it exerts that magic influence which can only be the outgrowth of harmonious and earnest action.

For several years the Harrisonian reigned supreme, but after the removal of the school to Bristol, Va.-Tenn., the members of the Society co-operated with the Faculty in the formation of a new body, thinking it better for the promotion of the literary spirit in the school. This new society was named the "Eoline." It has grown in strength and membership until now it is a worthy rival of its mother.

The first step was made towards the establishment of a library in January, 1885, Miss Mary Smith donating the first volume.

During the past year the Society has been doing a high grade of work. Its members have studied successively the lives and works of Lanier, Timrod, Poe, Lowell, Keats, Tennyson, George Eliot, Christina Rosetti, and the musicians, Chopin, Schumann, and others.

One of our programs of the past year was:

## An Evening With Lowell and Chopin

Piano Solo, "Mazurka in B flat".....Miss Matthews
Life of Chopin.....Miss Crabtree
Reading, "The Vision of Sir Launfal".....Miss Fennessee
Vocal Solo, "The Maiden's Wish".....Miss Leckie
Essay on Lowell, by Brander Mathew, read by.....Miss Hulse
Reading, "The Courtin' ".....Miss Young
Piano Solo, "Polonaise in C minor".....Miss Johnson

# Sidney Lanier---Teacher, Musician, Poet

(Paper Presented on "Lanier Evening" in the Harrisonian Literary Society.)

It is a curious and pathetic fact that the three greatest poets the South has ever produced—Poe, Timrod, and Lanier—were victims of extreme poverty and of that dread disease, consumption, and passed away from earth at the time when their powers were only beginning to ripen into maturity; Timrod at the age of thirty-eight; Lanier, at thirty-nine; Poe, at forty. Poe through his dissipation and lack of moral stamina made cloudy days which to him might otherwise have been bright. But Timrod and Lanier so lived that of each it might fitly be said:—"His song was only a living aloud, his work a singing with his hands."

While an atmosphere of culture surrounded the lives of all three, Timrod and Lanier had the additional stimulus of noble ancestry. Poe died before the time of the South's great sorrow; Timrod and Lanier lived in it, bore the brunt of the battles, received from it their legacy of poverty and consumption.

In diversity of mental gifts, Lanier was abundantly favored of the gods. Born at Macon, Ga., February 3d, 1842, after completing his education at the University of Virginia and spending five years in the practice of law in obedience to his father's wishes, an impelling force within sent him to Baltimore in 1873 with, as some one has said, his flute and pen as sword and staff. There he developed his triune personality of teacher, musician, and poet. In Baltimore he threw himself eagerly into the study of Anglo-Saxon and modern English Literature, the outgrowth of which was a series of lectures delivered first to private classes, then to the students of literature in Johns Hopkins University. Thoroughly persuaded of the uplifting power of knowledge, he, with the same eagerness with which he had sought knowledge, imparted it to others. This was the key note of his teaching. His work at Johns Hopkins was almost tragic in the never ending struggle between decaying vitality and increasing purpose of mind. We are told that those who heard him lecture listened with a sort of fascinated terror, fearing that the hoarded breath would not last until the end of the hour.

Lanier's ability as a musician developed early in life for he tells us that before he could read he could play on several different instruments. So intense was his passion for music that after the rendering of some beautiful composition he was

often carried out of himself into a sort of trance-like state by the beauty and thought of the work. His father's antipathy to a musical career prevented the development of his musical talent, yet, in Baltimore we find him playing first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts, where no less a man than Asger Hamerick, the director of the Concerts, says of him: "To him as a child in his cradle music was given; the heavenly gift, to feel and express himself in tones. It was indeed irresistable that he should turn with those poetical feelings which transcend language to the penetrating gentleness of the flute or the infinite passion of the violin. In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument, but was transformed into a voice which set heavenly harmonies into vibration. His playing appealed alike to the musically learned and unlearned; he would magnetize the listener. I will never forget the impression he made on me when he played the flute concerto of Emil Hartmann at a Peabody Symphony Concert; his tall, handsome, manly presence; his flute breathing noble sorrows, noble joys; the orchestra softly responding. The audience was spell-bound. He stood the master, the genius."

It is as a poet, however, that Lanier shines brightest and some one has said of him that he will eventually take his rank among the first princes of American song. He has been called the "Poet of the Trees." Trees and all living plants to him were things not inanimate, but closely connected with an all-loving Creator, unconscious interpreters of God.

His first poem to gain the recognition of critics was "Corn," which is still considered by some, his best. The study which he had given to English verse and which resulted in the volume entitled "Science of English Verse," is plainly shown in his work, his poetical form being more perfect than that of any other writer of his day; yet, never was the form subservient to the thought. While the fame of Poe is much greater than that of Lanier, nevertheless, scholars of the present day are beginning to recognize the truth of Lanier's criticism of Poe when he said, "Poe did not know enough to write." It has been truly said that to Poe truth and goodness were incidental and unimportant elements in art; to Lanier, they were the very breath of its life. As teacher, musician, and poet, Lanier was constantly thwarted by poverty and disease, yet, "By the faith of one heart which fully believed in his genius, and was willing to wait if only he could find his opportunity, his courage never failed."

In the fall of '80 his death struggle, which lasted nearly a year, practically began, yet, he lived through the winter and in the spring sought the mountains of North Carolina with the hope of being restored to health. Throughout the summer of '81 he kept the wolf from the door by writing sketches of North Carolina scenery, but in the words of his wife, "On the forenoon of September

falls the frost and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God." Hiram Carson in his work on Browning says, "So temporal are all the world's standards in the best of times that spiritual regenerators are not generally recognized until long after they have passed away, when the results of what they did are fully ripe."

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerily
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot.

And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy
Listening, whispers, " 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

And may it not be that we afar down the river of years catch more clearly the echoes of Lanier's songs than those who lived and worked around him?

C. A. G.

# The Eoline Literary Society

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**COLORS**
Green and Gold

**FLOWER**
Marechal Neil Rose

**MOTTO**
Dux Femina Facti

**First Term**

Anna Mahoney ..... *President*
Lena Mai Hardy ..... *Vice-President*
Myrtle Robinson ..... *Secretary*
Mary Lee Anderson ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
Lucile Curry ..... *Treasurer*
Edna Lyle ..... *Chaplain*
Ethel Anderson ..... *Librarian*
Mabel Ross ..... *Critic*

**Second Term**

Hattie Stokely ..... *President*
Lois Blackwell ..... *Vice-President*
Myrtle Robinson ..... *Secretary*
Katie Sue Morris ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
Eula McGhee ..... *Treasurer*
Anna Mahoney ..... *Chaplain*
Robbie Mae Casey ..... *Librarian*
Mabel Ross ..... *Critic*

**Third Term**

Katie Sue Morris ..... *President*
Edna Lyle ..... *Vice-President*
Margaret Johnson ..... *Secretary*
Bonita McKnight ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
Eula McGhee ..... *Treasurer*
Kate Williams ..... *Chaplain*
Robbie Mae Casey ..... *Librarian*
Myrtle Robinson ..... *Critic*

# Roll of Members

Myrta Anderson
Mary Lee Anderson
Olive Bobbett
Lois Blackwell
Lillian Bacon
Ruth Brown
Lucile Curry
Robbie M. Casey
Ione Fouts
Bertie Farmer
Irene Greenwald
Mayme Gorman
Myrtle Hamilton
Queen Honeycutt
Margaret Johnson
Hazel Jones
Mabell Jennelle
Pauline Karnes
Beulah Lee
Sallie Lott
Lucile Lowry
Ethel May
Mattie Lou McKinney
Bonita McKnight
Eula McGhee
Clara Norvell
Wanda Powers
Mabel Ross
Joe Stiff
Rubye Shelton
Navarra Turner
Alletha Witten
Kate Williams
Louise Wright

Ethel Anderson
Browning Bobbitt
Adele Bicknell
Daphne Blackwell
Carrie Lee Bingham
Ruthven Champion
Lidie Courts
Minnie French
Essie Farmer
Lillian Gillespie
Virginia Gilliam
Elizabeth Graham
Lena Mai Hardy
Bertie Johnson
Ammile Jones
Mattie Johnson
Pearl Karnes
Edna Lyle
Katherine Lockhart
Nannie Lynch
Anna Mahoney
Beulah May
Katie Sue Morris
Willie McCorkle
Floy McCorkle
Patsy Osbourne
Myrtle Robinson
Hattie Stokely
Rose Stinson
Marie Turner
Mary S. Taylor
Evelyn Wilson
Elizabeth Winston
Gertrude Tucker

# The History of the Eoline Society

After consulting Sense and Nonsense, which on its part had consulted Encyclopedias and Ancient Histories, I find that no such an organization as the Eoline Literary Society existed in Ancient times, but the year 1894 ushered in this organization whose sustained force of life was destined to make it one of the strongest exponents of V. I.

The name Eoline was given the Society in loving remembrance of little Eoline Jones and to express the deep sympathy of the students of V. I. for the former President of the College (Mr. Samuel D. Jones) and his wife in the death of their beautiful and promising daughter.

The object of the Society is well defined in the By-laws and Constitution adopted in 1894—"For mutual improvement in Music, Elocution, Composition and Debate; to seek for truth, and contribute to the social enjoyment of school life." These laudable purposes of the founders we have remembered and have ever had before us.

All who have been so fortunate as to become members since the organization in 1894 stand before the world as a proof of the elevating and uplifting work the Society has done in its short and eventful career. Three hundred and five have cast their lot with us since the year 1894 and as many still wear the badge of loyal Eolines in their hearts, wherever duty may have called them since they bade adieu to the school and Society of their choice. Sixty of this number make the roll for this year.

Some very interesting programmes have been given the past year and they have been marked by conscientious individual effort and by a rare loftiness of tone.

The twelve years we have labored and lived together as a Society have not been without cares and vicissitudes, experiences which a noble body has to overcome before it can fully develop its strength, yet these years have been full of happy exploits and happy endings.

Our hall in which we have a meeting every Saturday evening is one of the most beautiful and best equipped in the South. The furnishings are in keeping with the beauty and taste of the Eoline spirit. Last year many volumes were added to our library through the instrumentality of honorary members of the Society. Not only are our members bound together by ties of love and a common cause, while in school, but for a life time. No matter by what conditions we may be separated, when we meet an Eoline we meet a friend.

# Chips From the Old Cherry Tree

**(Read at a Meeting of the Eoline Society.)**

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It was the eve of George Washington's birthday. All day long I had been in a state of excitement. I had attended a banquet where the table was decorated with a cherry tree and hatchets. So that night I dreamed a queer dream.

In my dream I went back a century and seemed to live in the days of Washington's childhood. At times I felt that I was little George himself, and I could see plainly the little hatchet my father had given me as a present charging me not to cut anything valuable. All disobedient to my father's wishes, I went out into the orchard. There were many trees there, but all too large for my hatchet, except one little cherry tree which was my father's special pride. For a long time I hesitated but it seemed that I could not resist, and before I realized it I had brought down my little weapon and hacked a chip off that cherry tree. I was beginning to repent of what I had done when I looked down, and behold, the tiny chip was transformed into a piece of paper before me. I eagerly picked it up and read the following:

**W** is for Washington, our statesman so great,
Whose birthday, to-night we now celebrate.

**A** is for Anna, our senior so stately
Who pours out big words and walks quite sedately.

**S** is for Shroeder, our matron so dear
Who never is wanted except when not here.

**H** is for Hattie, so modest and bright,
For Harrisonians, too, whom we welcome to-night.

**I** is for Ivey filled with such grace,
Whose charm of manner naught can efface.

**N** is for our nation, the grandest on earth,
Which we all dearly love as the land of our birth.

**G** is for our guests whom we have here to-night
To entertain you is our greatest delight.

**T** is for our tears we sometimes shed
When long examinations hang over our heads.

**O** is for oysters, an article rare,
But at Washington's banquet they are sure to be there.

**N** is for nobody, and nothing much,
As journals, acrostics, dreams, and all such.

My first stroke having succeeded so well I forgot all about my father's anger and my disobedience and soon had hacked off a larger chip. I succeeded as well with it as I had with the former, for immediately a large paper appeared labeled "Jokes:"

Mayme Gorman had just reached St. Louis and not being accustomed to the city was very much excited over the large crowds. She did not know a soul there, but on seeing a funeral procession pass, turned to a friend and said, "Wonder who's dead?"

Edyth to Lidie: "Oh! Lidie, I'm going up to Abingdon to-night to hear the V. P. I. Glee Club." Lidie (innocently): "Glee Club? What's that?"

Anna, to Dr. Henderson, giving the long measure table: "Well, where does the furlough come in?"

Dr. Schemmel: "Miss Anderson, give me the scale of E flat." Myrta: "Oh—how many sharps has that?"

One of the girls while talking to Miss S——— the other day remarked that people used to begin letters by saying, "I take my pen in hand," but now they say, "I take my typewriter in my lap." Miss S———, indignantly: "No one ever took me in his lap."

I gave my wonderful cherry tree another hack. The product this time was a new version of the proverbs.

The wise girl foreseeth the evil and hideth herself (behind the curtain) but the foolish sit still and are punished (by Miss Schroeder).

And furthermore, by these, my daughter, be admonished, of working problems there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Better is a violet with the fear of Mrs. Winston than a jimson weed with all the fun in the world.

A stone is heavy and the sand weighty, but the wrath of the faculty is heavier than them both.

The fear of the faculty is as a roaring lion; whosoever provoketh it to anger wareth against his own interest, and taketh his name off the Honor Roll.

I was so eager to see what would come next, I came down with such force on the tree that two chips fell to the ground and were transformed as before. On the first was this:

"Pretty Girl Papers."

Wash your hair every Monday. Go to every girl on your floor to borrow borax, but be sure to use your own brush after the shampoo.

Take a good warm bath just before retiring. The best time is after the last flash as there is an abundance of warm water then.

*Exercise* in the "gym" freely Tuesdays and Fridays after dinner.

Eat no more than one box of potted ham at a midnight feast, if you want a pretty complexion.

Refrain from syrup at luncheon.

Do not accept more than three boxes of candy a week from your "friend."

At the top of the other paper was written:

**"TWO VERSIONS OF LATE SONGS."**

Good-bye, dear V. I., good-bye,
We sigh, dear V. I., we sigh,
For tho' we hate to leave you, dear,
We are going for our vacation
We 'll smile, dear V. I., we 'll smile,
For, V. I., its just for a while,
In our own uniforms of black
We will soon be marching back,
Goodbye, dear V. I., goodbye.

In the shade of the old cherry tree
George Washington happened to be,
With his hatchet all bright—
Not a soul was in sight—
He was sure not a creature would see.
So he cut down that old cherry tree
Cut it down just as close as could be;
When his father appeared
Poor George was so scared,
" 'Twas *not* done by me,"
He said.

Down came my hatchet again; on another chip was written:

Those rising bells, those rising bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of sighs and tears and awful groans,
She kicks and tumbles as she moans,
"That old bell! Oh, fiddlesticks!
I feel so bad, I believe I 'm sick.
I wonder what Miss Shroedered'd say
If I should stay in bed to-day.
Well, she might 'take me off,' so I guess
I 'd better rise and try to dress.
But, oh! I 'll take just one snooze more"
And soon there comes a gentle snore,
A gentle snore that plainly tells,
She hears no more those rising bells.

Those breakfast bells, those breakfast bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of frightened cries, of upward jumps
Of open eyes and eager hunts
For ribbons, collars, stockings, shoes—
I 'm paying for that one more snooze.
Mercy, hurry, tie my hair,
Give me a pin! that's it—there,
Take this, and hand my clothes.
She puts them on and away she goes,
Muttering, "Why didn't I get up the time
When last I heard their soothing chimes?"

By this time I had chipped and chipped until the tree was almost gone, but I decided to try once more, so down I came with my hatchet, but to my great disappointment the tree fell to the ground. There I stood with the hatchet in my hand, the chips no longer transformed, but lying on the ground and my father's precious tree before me. I was just repenting of what I had done and trying to think of some means of escape when I heard my father coming to the orchard. I hid the hatchet behind my back, and stood looking as innocent as possible. He glanced first at me and then at the fallen tree. "George," he said, looking sternly at me, "Who cut down that cherry tree?" "Well," said I, *"I" don't know;* but *I know I didn't do it."* The moment I told this lie I ceased to be George Washington, for he *could* not tell a lie. I awoke and realized that it was only a dream.

K. M.

# Y. W. C. A.

**OFFICERS**

**March 1905—March 1906**

QUEEN HONEYCUTT.....*President*
MYRTLE ROBINSON.....*Vice-President*
ANNA MAHONEY.....*Recording Secretary*
SUELLA BURNETT.....*Corresponding Secretary*
BESSIE STONER.....*Treasurer*

**March 1906—March 1907**

ALMA CRABTREE.....*President*
MARY MATTHEWS.....*Vice-President*
KATE WILLIAMS.....*Corresponding Secretary*
IVEY SMITH.....*Treasurer*
IONE FOUTS.....*Organist*

**Delegates to Nashville**

JESSIE MAE STOKELY
CLARA GAINES

# Dream of Fair Women

*(Apologies to Tennyson)*

"Maid Marion,"
A daughter of the gods,
Divinely tall and most
Divinely fair.

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A fairer form or lovelier face."

A "Queen" she is with
Olive cheek and raven hair.

She is the maid
Whom men call fair.

A sweet and dreamy face has she.

# The Natural Tunnel

About forty-five miles west of Bristol, in Scott County, Virginia, is one of the most surprising features of American scenery—The Natural Tunnel. This great natural wonder is not surpassed by the far-famed caves of Luray and is considered by many grander in its picturesque beauty than the Natural Bridge.

The Virginia and Southwestern Railway furnishes a passage to this delightful retreat from Bristol which is a center for a region noted for its natural beauty and in time may attract visitors as do the Yosemite, the Niagara, the magnificent heights of the White Plains, or the Mammoth Cave.

Each year the Institute charters a special train for a festive day at the tunnel. The great wonder of the excursion is reached by passing through a small artificial tunnel. This was cut through the solid rock by the South Atlantic and Ohio Railroad back in the eighties, in order that the trains might enter the mouth of the tunnel. Between the little artificial tunnel and the great Natural Wonder the walls form an amphitheatre which can not be surpassed by those of the ancient Greeks and Romans. One hundred feet west of the artificial tunnel, within the amphitheatre and shadowed by the east entrance of the Natural Tunnel, is a dancing pavilion. This is situated on the side of the railroad back over the little stream called Stock Creek which flows from a solid rock on through the dark cavern down to Clinch River.

The walls of the amphitheatre are solid rock rising perpendicularly three hundred and twenty feet above in all their beauty, sublimity and grandeur. Hanging over the edge and clinging to the sides of the mass of solid stone are ferns, wild flowers and lovely trees which in the autumn look like gold.

Before entering the Natural Tunnel, one looks to the north of the amphitheatre where tower aloft high peaks of rock. Jutting out and rising weirdly above the sides of the amphitheatre are two marble shafts and between these are two great rocks entwining each other. This is "Lover's Leap." There is a legend that two lovers once climbed these peaks and with arms entwined and the vow, "Not even death doth us part," leaped down into the depths some three hundred and thirty feet below.

The entrance of the Natural Tunnel is a great stone arch curving inward. It is from seventy-five to eighty feet high and about ninety feet wide at the base. Through this the trains pass. The railroad rises some distance above



See picture opposite

Dr. Horace L. Jones took me on this trip when the trip was made by the college girls in 1906.

the stream which runs on either side of the track. There are two arches for a short distance within the tunnel, about two hundred feet from the west entrance, the creek running through one, the railroad through the other.

Near the center of the tunnel a cave extends back into the wall of solid rock and in this the watchman who remains there day and night makes his home. The length of the tunnel from east entrance to west entrance is nine hundred feet and it curves in the shape of an "S".

On emerging on the west, immense cliffs loom before you. Above the land lies level and a public road passes over the tunnel. To the northwest is another of the attractions of this wonderful place, the cavern. One can walk three hours in this without visiting all points. The beautiful stalactites and stalagmites are abundant and the walls glitter in the light of the torches.

Wonderful is this masterpiece of Nature. One gazes with awe at those palisades of towering granite and that arching tunnel cut by Nature's hand through the ridge of rock and earth and timber.

This is a favorite outing of Virginia Institute and a visit is made there every autumn, much to the delight of the nature-loving girls.

C. N.

Clara Kornell

# The Trip to Washington and Baltimore

The annual visit to Washington City has now become an important event in the happenings of the school year at V. I. It is usually made during the Christmas holidays and is anticipated from the opening of school till the twenty-third of December with no small degree of pleasure.

The trip was made this year under the chaperonage of Prof. Horace L. Jones and Misses Byrne and Stokely, by the following young ladies: Misses Myrta Anderson, Elizabeth Graham, Margaret Johnson, Mabel Ross, Mattie Lou McKinney, Irene Greenwald, Lillian Bacon, and Bessie Lynn Robinson.

The "worry" and "flurry" of a lot of schoolgirls in the act of taking leave of their friends and school-mates for such an outing can better be imagined than described.

About nine o'clock on Saturday night before Christmas, prior to our departure, there could be heard in V. I. halls exclamations such as, "Mattie Lou, Mattie Lou, Oh! where in the world can that girl be? Oh where can she be?" Finally she was found. Then some one cried, "Hurry, we have but ten minutes! Have you got your rubbers and umbrellas?" And of course Myrta and Margaret had to race back after umbrellas. When everything was ready of all the kissing ever heard or seen the most promiscuous took place in the V. I. halls that night. Some say that even Theodore was an unfortunate victim. As we went down the street half running and half walking we reminded one very much of a crowd of country cousins going to a city circus. Some were crying, "Wait! Help carry this grip, it has your comb in it." "My rubbers are off!" Mabel and Mr. Jones brought up the rear; Mabel had hold of Mr. Jones's hand calling and crying all the time, "Come on, the train is coming!"

We at last reached the station all breathless, and found we had only four hours to wait. Bessie Lynn declared she saw the headlight long before it reached Johnson City, and everyone was so afraid she would be left, that she had her grip, umbrella, and all other such impedimenta out on the platform four hours before the train arrived.

Mr. Jones and the porter exchanged a few smiles and pleasant words over the berths, which at last the porter started to make up. When he came to Lillian's, she informed him that she intended to sit up, and that he could just make up Irene's part of the berth. Margaret had a hard time singing Mattie Lou

to sleep, for she persisted in mourning over the fact that a certain Black Man had left her candy and carnations in the station. Elizabeth did not sleep much for Mabel was on the outside and she was afraid her beloved room-mate would roll out.

The first thing that was heard next morning was Elizabeth asking, "Mr. Jones, how long will it be before we get to Chattanooga?" At Charlottesville our party had breakfast, and afterwards all during the day one could hear Mr. Jones and some of the girls saying regretfully, "Six bits for breakfast."

The first thing that reminded us that we were nearing Washington was an exclamation from Myrta, "Goodness, look at that tall tombstone!" while she pointed to the Washington Monument; the next was the yell from Elizabeth, "Look at the Court House!" while Mattie Lou exclaimed, "Look at the brass-top jail." As we crossed the Potomac the Texas girls observed, "This looks very much like the Trinity." Upon reaching the station Mr. Jones, after rubbering, reading signs and interrogating several policemen, decided to take the street-car. As the party walked into the coach, the passengers all hurriedly moved to the other end—we don't know why. Finally our hotel, the La Fetra, was reached, which Mr. Jones tried to enter by way of the kitchen. In the afternoon the verdant party went out for an auto ride. As we went up Pennsylvania Avenue we attracted much attention by our heavy green laprobes. From the way people stared, we think they took us for Eskimos who had just arrived in Washington instead of the eleven elegant (?) young ladies from V. I.

When we came in from the ride we were almost frozen and several hours had to be spent in thawing out. Jack Frost left his impress upon Myrta's ears as a souvenir of the ride. On our way to Mt. Vernon Mr. Jones tried to swap his voice to the man on the car who pointed out different places of interest on the way, but the man would not agree to Mr. Jones's proposition. While at Mt. Vernon one of our party very artlessly remarked, "This sure am a pretty place. I'd like to live here with a companion."

Elizabeth Graham's only objection to Washington is that she has to give her seat in the car to a "yellow woman colored black." Bessie Lynn has not yet found out how it happens that so many people are buried at Arlington. Irene is worried because she can not remember all the names and dates on the tombstones. Margaret is very much disappointed that she did not get to see "the mother-in-law-plant" while at the botanical gardens.

A night scene: Lillian, "I won't go to bed until I get some fruit." Mabel, "I won't go to bed either until I get some water and have some fresh air in this room." Tableau: Mabel on a pedestal with fresh air flying all around her and a bucket of water in her right hand; Lillian at her feet eating an apple.

A morning scene: "I'll never get dressed!" "I can't find my hat," "Has any one seen my fur?" "Where is my collar?" "I am minus a shoe," "Well, I've lost a belt." Could any one have seen the room and especially the dresser she would have wondered how in the world we girls looked as well as we did. The dresser was an heirloom of their friend, Mrs. La Fetra—in former days it was a sideboard. The mirror was *divided* into six smaller ones. The way we dressed was a caution. One girl sat in a chair while another one stood on the back so as to get a good view of herself in the mirror.

The next day was bright and sunny. As the crowd left the hotel Mr. Jones set up a mournful wail, "Where are my galoshes, has any one seen my galoshes?" The galoshes were finally found, and in a few minutes we were tearing across Pennsylvania Avenue trying to hail a car. We were never known to be on the right side of the car when it stopped, and always had to run across the track when it stopped.

At the capitol Mattie Lou persisted in running around and looking in the registers, and when asked what she was doing she said she was trying to give the squirrels in the cages a pecan. At the White House Miss Jessie Mae could hardly be pulled out of the east room for she wanted to stand and look at the mirrors—we don't know why. The Zoo was quite interesting to us all, every one knows how country people like monkeys and elephants. Several days after we visited the Zoo, we were going up the street and passed a crowd of small boys when one of them remarked, "I seen them monkeys at the Zoo." Every time a corner was turned, "One two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and I make eleven," could be heard from Mr. Jones.

Irene to Miss Byrne, "Look, Miss Byrne, another old monument."

Although our party was a long way from V. I. and had only three of the faculty with them, we were not free from lectures at the breakfast table about what we did the night before.

At the Hippodrome Mr. Jones was gratified at getting his money's worth. Miss Byrne defined it as "The place where people wear diamonds, and the ladies do not remove their hats." Bessie Lynn's opinion is that it is "The most 'boresome' place she ever got into."

Saturday we went to Baltimore and were entertained by such remarks from different members of the party as, "Where is Mr. Jones going now? I want to go this way." (Lillian) "I want some fruit." (Mattie Lou) "I want to go back to the German boat and get another brass button." (Irene) "I can't stand on my feet, this wind is so strong." (Margaret, sitting on the curbstone) "I'm not going another step." (Mr. Jones) "Come on here girls." (Miss Jessie Mae) "I never saw such girls." (Bessie Lynn) "I'm tired." (Mabel) "Reckon they have any

water in Baltimore?" (Elizabeth) "Plenty in the Chesapeake." Thus was Baltimore taken in.

Sunday night we boarded the train for Bristol, and although we were tired to death, the conductor waked us at twelve to tell us that it was 1906.

We arrived at Bristol many hours late, the train being delayed by the weight of its precious freight. Even after a view of the magnificent cities of Washington and Baltimore, Bristol looked good to the weary party. Gladly we resigned the fading buildings and parks of the east, and the pale faces of the high government officials, to greet the living presence of the old folks at our scholastic home, and the walls of learning long since so dear.

M. J.

# Alumnæ Association

MRS. ANNE M. GREER PETERS ..... *President*
MRS. MARY L. MINOR CROCKETT ..... *1st Vice-President*
MRS. KATE CRUMP SIGOURNEY ..... *2d Vice-President*
MRS. MINNIE MAY MITCHELL ..... *Secretary*
MISS GENA DICKEY ..... *Treasurer*

The Alumnæ Association, through all the varying fortunes of our school, has maintained its existence and steadily grown in importance and usefulness.

Through the efforts of two or three members the furniture of the school was bought and paid for, and is now owned by the Association. Within the last year about $250.00 was spent for additional furniture. Some years ago this Association opened a larger room for the library, and had a large book-case built. Nice tables and chairs have been placed on the second floor halls. Many improvements about the building are due to the energy of this Association. Miss Proper, the Art teacher of 1905 and 1906, has obtained from the Mechanics Institute Library of New York City, a donation of three hundred valuable volumes. These are given by her to the Alumnæ Association.

The Association was organized June, 1896, and has some fifty members enrolled. Every graduate of Virginia Institute should be a member of this Association.

The Alumnæ are fortunate in having quite a number of Associate members. These are prominent men and women who are deeply interested in the school and the Association.

The Alumnæ Association held its annual meeting in the Elocution room May 23d. In addition to the members, a number of visitors including some of the trustees were present. After all the business was transacted, excellent talks were made by trustees and visitors. Delicious refreshments were served at the close of the meeting. This was one of our most successful meetings since the Association was organized, and encouraged us to hope that we may accomplish greater things for our Alma Mater.

### PERSONALS.

Miss Ella Jones is lady principal in the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.
Miss Nina Morriss is music teacher in Williamson, W. Va.

Mrs. Josephine Weston Corbitt is assisting her husband, Rev. C. L. Corbitt, in caring for the Baptist Orphanage in Salem.

Mrs. Mamie St. John Taylor is now living in Nashville, and may soon be in Washington as the wife of United States Senator Taylor, of Tennessee.

Mrs. Amanda Barnes Sutherland visited her Alma Mater during Conference last October.

Miss Emily Doughty spent a part of last year abroad.

Mrs. Alice St. John Dulaney is traveling in Europe with her husband and son.

Besides the girls who have always lived here, the following have found Bristol so attractive as to return, Mesdames Kitty St. John Bachman, Anne M. Greer Peters, Alice St. John Dulaney, Minnie May Mitchell, Carrie St. John Curtin.

Mrs. Bessie Hardy Willingham is now in this country, having returned from Japan on account of her health.

Miss Pauline Cody, of 1904-'05, is pursuing her studies at an Eastern school.

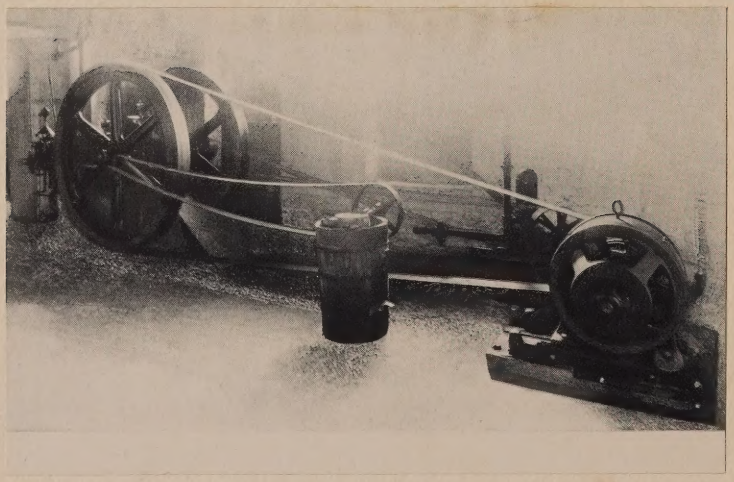
Mrs. George Hall Park with her husband, daughter, and sister, Miss Bert Hall, expect to leave soon for Spain to spend some time.

Miss Gena Dickey is now a Vassar girl, and expects to finish the course there.

Miss Lucy Dickenson, after spending several years in Vassar, is teaching in Virginia Institute.

Miss Gates Moffett is principal of the public school at Salem, Va.

Miss Zelma Burton is teaching music and elocution at Graham, Va.



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MR. JONES .....Be a Mississippian

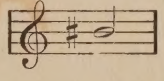
MRS. WINSTON.....Come from Texas

MR. WINSTON .....Be fast, please

MISS DICKENSON.....Prepare for Vassar

MISS STOKELY .....Talk to her about law (yers) and profess (ors) ion

MISS SANDERS.....Don't ask to see her photograph

DR. SCHEMMEL ..... 

MRS. SCHEMMEL .....Compliment her cat

MISS SCHROEDER.....Let your light not shine after 10 o'clock

MISS MCCORMICK.....Meet the Elocution Class at half past four this afternoon. (Don't fail to bring your classics)

MISS BYRNE.....Attend her Orange and Turkey feasts

MISS JOHNSON.....You must be the "swellest thing she ever saw"

MISS PROPER .....Adore Art

MISS KNOX .....Send her pink carnations

# Want Add Column

WANTED:—

To know if Miss Schroeder is in sight—"Soupie."

To know what naughty girl serenades the teachers with the alarm clock.

If the letter which the postman found in the box addressed to "My Dearest Mac, Pikeville, Ky.," belongs to Alm- C- -btr- -.

Book entitled "Two Ways to Matrimony." Return to Miss S.—the owner.

To know, by M-rt- A-d-r-s-n, "What comes when eternity is over?"

To give lessons in up-to-date cosy corner tête-à-tête. Apply to room No. 176.

To know why Queen's opinion of rag-time music has changed since her visit to V. P. I.

To be let alone—Vergie Gilliam.

By B-tt-y B-rk-, the "princess pitch."

To know why matrimonial papers are sent to Mr. J-n-s? Does he need a housekeeper?

MRS. SWANN

'Commander-in-Chief'' of the Domestic Department

# Grinds

Miss Sanders on written examination asked: "What is the equator?" A bright scholar's paper gave the reply: "It is an imaginary lion running around the globe."

Olive says her sister who has canary colored hair ought to blondine it black.

Wonder why "Polly" has such a horror of a screen?

I-r-n- G. while reading her elocution lesson came across the sentence, "She wore an immaculate white dress." Miss McC., interrupting, "What does immaculate mean?" I-r-n- (with a giggle), "I dunno, but I guess it's some kind of cloth."

Lucile (after her usual Sunday night "Scrap") decides to read a chapter in the Bible. "Margaret, where shall I read?" Margaret: "Begin at the fifth chapter of Romans." Lucile: "Oh, I prefer the New Testament."

We wonder why Lillian writes to her little brother Frank so often and begins her letter, "My Dearest Walter?"

B-s was telling Pr-nes- the joke about the young Reuben who tried to blow out the electric light. Pr-nc-s- horrified, "Oh, B-s, if he had blown it out the gas would have escaped and killed him, wouldn't it?"

Dr. Schemmel: "Leckie, tell me the name of the prayer you sing." Leckie: "What prayer?" Dr. S.: "The one I composed. I've forgotten the name."

Miss Th-ne (from Boston, and not accustomed to negro dialect): "I'm so angry with my laundress, 'Miss' Jackson, she said something absurd about my garments when she brought them home. She said, 'Miss Th-rn-, dem dar's dam(p) clothes.'"

Young lady taking entrance examination to voice department: "Oh, Dr. Schemmel, here is my favorite piece, 'Goo Goo Eyes,' do you suppose you can play the accompaniment?" Dr. Schemmel (meekly): "I'll try."

Mr. J.: "Mrs. Winston, do you know anything good for a cold?" Mrs. W.: "Yes, Chromo Quinine, of course."

Miss P-r-p-r (on the 'possum hunt): "Isn't that a fine dog? Did you bring him along to tree the persimmons?"

Mr. J- - - s: "Miss Byrne, what did you think of my voice in that duet this morning?" Miss B.: "Frankly—you sing in a rainbow and your tones are too open." Mr. J- - - s: "That being the case I had better shut up."

M. L. (to Lidie): "I certainly wish I could hear Patti." Lidie: "Patti's black, isn't she?"

A patron whose daughter plays "Forty Thousand Devil's Gallop," wishes her daughter to be given sacramental music, because she does not approve of so much profane music.

Leader in Chapel: "You will rise to your feet, stand and sing No. 199,—'Love Divine.'"

Ethel: "Lucile, who is the Faerie Queene by?" Lucile: "You mean Spencer's Faerie Queene? Why, I don't know."

B. S. (in English class): "Yes, I know something about the English people. I have a grandmother who is an Englishman."

I—r G.: "I have been to Paris." En-l- B-r-k: "Paris, Texas?" I—r G.: "No, Paris, London."

Miss P-r-p-r (to small girl): "This is the bust of the beautiful Minerva." Small girl: "Was she ever married?" Miss P. (smiling): "No dear, she was the goddess of wisdom."

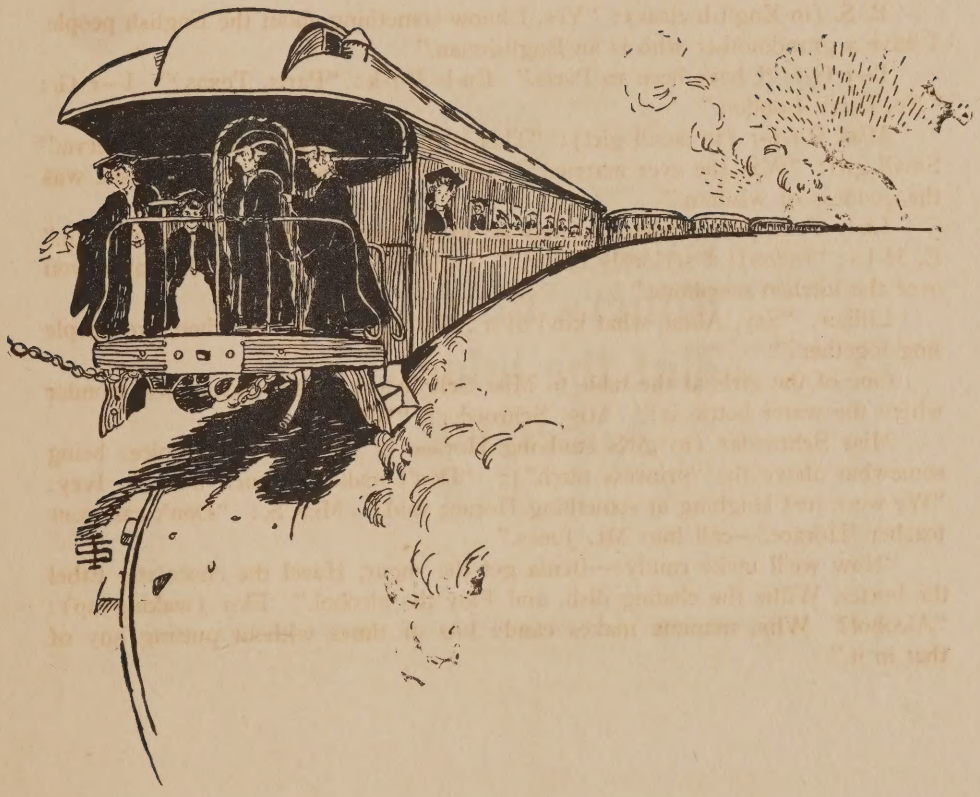
Lady Principal: "Ella, you may go to the kitchen and talk to your beau." E. H-l-s: "Indeed! I seriously object." Lady Principal: "Well, he called you over the kitchen telephone."

Lillian: "Say, Alma, what kind of a Solo do you call this when two people sing together?"

One of the girls at the table to Miss Schroeder: "Miss Schroeder, wonder where the water bottle is?" Miss Schroeder: "Whose?"

Miss Schroeder (to girls studying Horace in the hall—their voices being somewhat above the "princess pitch"): "Don't make so much noise." Ivey: "We were just laughing at something Horace said." Miss S.: "Don't call your teacher 'Horace,'—call him Mr. Jones."

"Now we'll make candy:—Beula get the sugar, Hazel the chocolate, Ethel the butter, Willie the chafing dish, and Floy the alcohol." Floy (waking up): "Alcohol? Why, mamma makes candy lots of times without putting any of that in it."



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Others otherwise,
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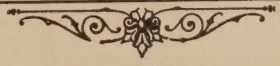

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